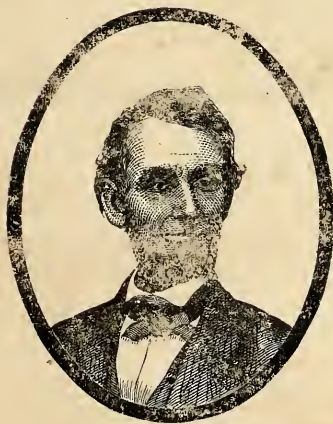


OUR
MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

BY
MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.




BOSTON:
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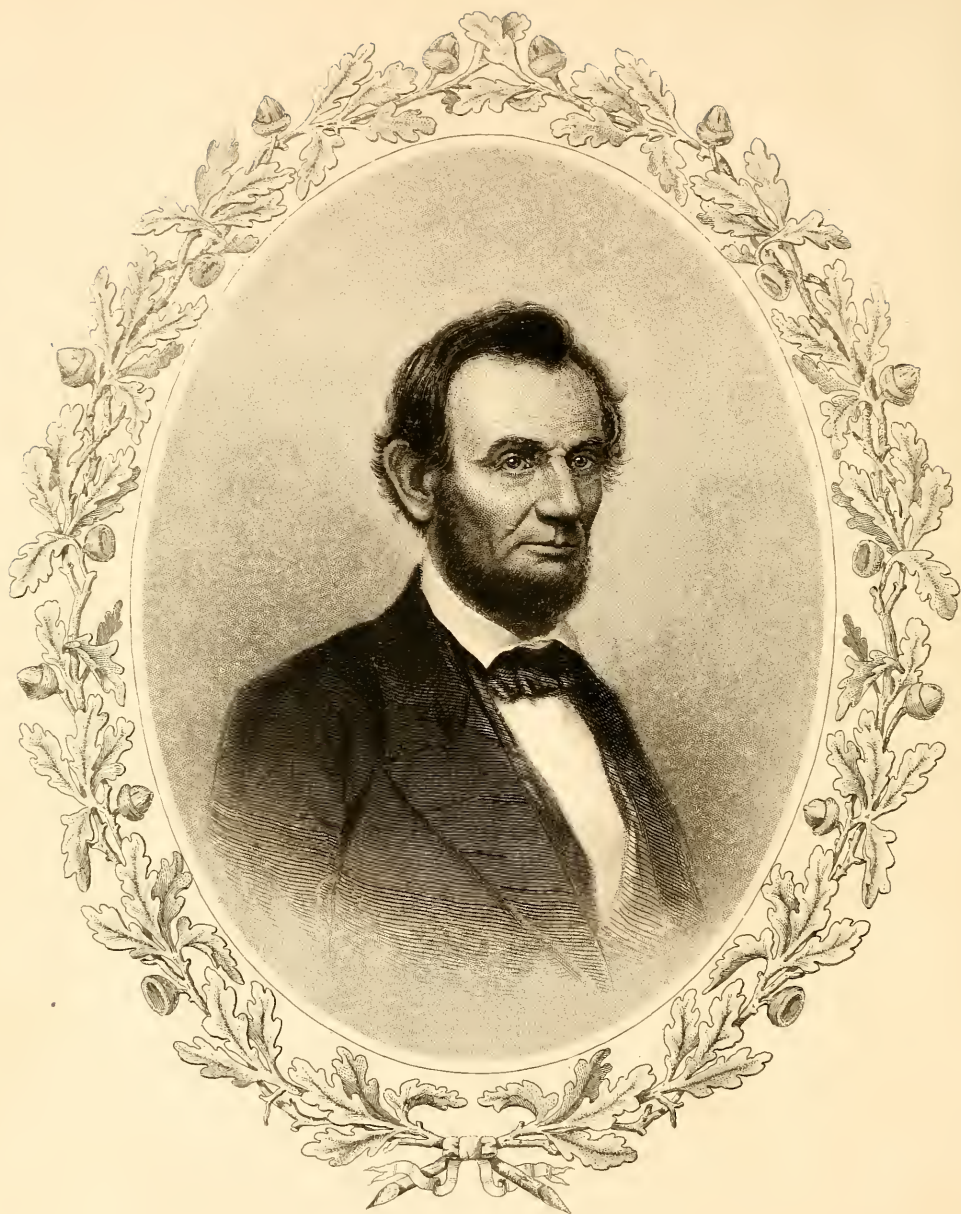
35 CORNHILL.

1865.





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Abraham Lincoln.

Our Martyred President.

BY

MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG CAPTAIN," ETC.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809; DIED APRIL 15, 1865.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die." — CAMPBELL.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" — REV. xiv. 13.

BOSTON:

B. B. RUSSELL AND COMPANY,

55 CORNHILL.

1865.

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OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

WITH aching heart in grief-toned words I tell
How Lincoln lived and labored, how he fell,
And, in the zenith of his pure renown,
Laid off his mortal robes to wear a crown
Amid the radiant host of those who died
That Freedom might o'er all our land preside.

As some sweet lamb, that, by the placid lake,
Where the light zephyrs tiny dimples wake,
Thought him secure and safe from every harm,
So rested we, and dreamed that War's alarm
Would sound aloud through this fair land no more,
Startling the echoes shrill from shore to shore ;
But, as the lamb who sought the osiered brink
Peacefully there its thirst to slake, would drink,
But saw reflected in the limpid wave
The wolf, approaching him to swift enslave,
And having captured, then to slay and eat,
Starts from the lake-side, and with nimble feet
Runs bleating up the hill-path toward the fold,
Thus had we hoped to quaff the nectar pure
Of victory which rendered peace secure,

And find no other martyr was required,
For Freedom's sake, with noble valor fired,
To lay his life upon his country's shrine
And die for Liberty — that cause divine !
But lo ! the wolf is there ! we see his form,
And shrink, instinctive, as from 'pending storm ;
He grasps the victim, death in triumph appears ;
Our hopes are blasted while aroused our fears ;
But God, who lives forever, still remains ;
Comfort the nation ! *God forever reigns !*

God hath exalted one whom hosts revere,
The martyr shall be more than conqueror,
And in the noblest hearts of all mankind
Our Lincoln be with Washington enshrined.

Back o'er the years let faithful memory look,
Read we the pages of his earth-life's book,
And trace, through all, the wonder-working Hand
That bade him as the martyr-crowned to stand
Forever in the highest niche of Fame,
Where every eye can read his honored name.

As some great river, flowing vast and wide
Where blend its waters with the mighty tide
Of ocean-surges, yet whose source, afar,
Is but a brook scarce seen though babbling near,
So was his origin whose fame we sing ;
Humble as his whom God made Israel's king ;
A tiny brook among Kentucky hills,

Unnoticed 'mid her many little rills,
But yet to grow, as fed by spring and shower,
Till in Time's ocean it at last should pour.

A rude log-hut, a dwelling without floor,
Windows but few, and scarcely e'en a door,
Such was the humble home of him who stands
Beloved and honored now in many lands,
While three-legged stools, Dutch ovens, and the like,
Contrast with elegance the mind to strike,
And start the question, "How could one so low
Be raised to stand where foreign legates bow,
And our great nation doth its homage pay,
Owning allegiance to his mighty sway?"

Poor was his father, and the Indians slew
His grandsire, while the country yet was new
And sparsely peopled, so his father grew,
Like many an orphan, up to manhood's view
With no strong helper, and no earthly stay
When he would climb the steep and rugged way
To Learning's temple, while his loving wife
Had only learned to read in all her life;
Small hope was there that son of such as these
Would fill high station with a noble ease.
Few were the weeks that any school-room saw
This son beloved acquiring Learning's store,
But from a faithful mother he received
Those precepts which his inmost soul believed;
And from his lips came forth no word profane,

God's holy name he would not take in vain.
That mother taught his infant lips to pray,
And ask in Christ's own words for bread each day ;
The lisping accents angels heard on high,
And God himself sent back the glad reply.
God guided one who thus so early prayed
That His high will on earth might be obeyed,
And he who asked in life's bright morn for bread,
By heavenly manna was in answer fed,
And, like the Master, of him we can say,
He grew in wisdom and in height each day,
In favor with the God his parents served,
And with all men who his pure life observed.

While but a youth upon his path there fell
A shadow, dark as Egypt's midnight spell,
For that dear, faithful mother passed away,
And turned to night the good son's youthful day.
Oft by her lonely grave he mused and wept,
With aching heart a frequent vigil kept,
And vowed, in spirit, o'er the grassy sod,
He would be faithful to his mother's God,
Her lessons of divinest wisdom prize,
And follow her to mansions in the skies.
O who can measure that sweet influence,
Joined to her words as cause and consequence,
Which Lincoln felt through all his after-life,
Amid his labors, and in noble strife
With all temptation which assails the soul
Ere God's own spirit gains the glad control ?

Mother of Lincoln ! 'mid privations reared,
Would thou hadst been to thy beloved ones spared,
To see thy son amid the great ones stand,
Crowned with the highest office in our land !
And yet 't was well ! God in His wisdom knew
Thy work was finished here, and none could do
The further work on Lincoln's heart like thee,
Who sealed thy teachings by the silent sea,
And, crossing safely to the other side,
Left him to follow his death-hallowed guide.
Full many a mother thus has died to save
Her children dear from an unhonored grave,
Since her sweet memory proved a potent spell,
Warding the ill from children loved so well.

Few were the books which Lincoln then obtained,
By sturdy effort was his wisdom gained,
The few well conned and placed in memory's charge,
Helped that young mind with knowledge to enlarge,
And the strong will each hindrance to surmount
Brought him at last to quaff from Wisdom's fount.

Amid the many virtues of the boy,
Which ripened fast as rolling years went by,
He grew to manhood with his life unstained
By that foul sin which many a path profaned,
As reeling footsteps and the ribald song
Told of forbidden draught from waters strong,
The vile "fire-water" by the white man given
Too oft to Indians thus from virtue riven.

No cup that would intoxicate drank he,
But kept his brain from its pollution free,
Yet kindly raised the fallen on his way,
And strove to win them back to purity,
Sought ever in each high path to advance,
And wrote upon his banner "Temperance."

Reared to hard labor 'neath his father's eye,
Young Lincoln shrank not from his destiny,
But toiled, contented, where his work might be,
Industrious ever, and with spirit free
From sad repinings o'er his humble lot,
While yet the goal before him, unforgot,
Grew ever brighter as it grew more near,
And he foresaw the time when, resting there,
He should the Past with grateful eye review,
And hail the Present with its pleasures new.

On, on he sped, and step by step he rose,
And manual labors changed at last for those
Which, as a lawyer and a statesman true,
Gave him new fields for toil and honors new.
His voice was lifted to proclaim afar
Glad truths of freedom, and of righteous law,
His aims were high, each had a noble end,
And ever in him virtue found a friend.

At last a nation called him to the place
Once filled by him, the worthiest of his race, —
Here as the Father of his Country known,

And everywhere revered as Freedom's own ;
The honest man, the " noblest work of God,"
In the high footsteps of that leader trod ;
Beholding in him rarest virtues blent,
We gladly hailed him as our President,
Yet hardly knew how much an angel there
The nation entertained all unaware.

As husband, father, friend, he was approved,
And those who knew him best most deeply loved ;
No wonder, then, they crowded round the car
Soon to convey him from those scenes afar,
And friends and neighbors gave no answering " Nay "
When Lincoln asked that they for him would pray.
The rushing car soon bore him from their sight,
The friend of the oppressed and Freedom's knight,
While all along his path were dangers strown,
Thick as the blossoms when the clover 's grown.
A threat'ning cloud was in the Southern sky,
Whose bolt descending would bid Freedom die,
And Liberty's high champion find a grave
Ere he could burst one fetter for the slave.
In vain ! God watched above him in that hour,
Gave not the Lord's anointed to their power,
But spoiled the plotters of their noble prey,
Till his great work was done in God's own way.

Scarce had the White House welcomed its new guest
Ere the wild war-cry sounded East and West ;
For " startled Sumter " heard the traitor's gun,

And, armor-cased, rose Freedom's champion.
His name was "Legion," for from mount and shore
The loyal hosts came up prepared for war ;
The "dear old flag" was gladly held on high,
By men who dared for it to bleed and die ;
And he, with wondrous skill, for peace-trained man,
Presided as a *leader* only can :
God raised him up for just this very time,
And gifted him with energy sublime,
With wisdom wonderful, and spirit calm,
Undaunted ever by War's fierce alarm ;
And though sometimes he seemed to move but slow,
Like some grand glacier whose vast ice and snow
Scarce seems to glide along the mountain-slope,
Yet surely moves, so he, with patient hope,
Pressed slowly on, but with a steady aim,
Till Freedom dawned, and, 'mid the loud acclaim,
A ransomed race his patriarch name entwined
With the blest name of Him who saves mankind.

His tender heart received a sudden stroke,
And, bending 'neath the burden, almost broke,
As from his fond embrace a precious son
In life's bright morning to the grave was borne.
Faith looked to see the infant spirit rise,
And soar to meet its kindred in the skies,
Yet human love felt some strong tendrils riven
When that dear Willie left the earth for heaven ;
And he, who meekly bore the weight of woe,
Seemed then the path of suffering to know,

While, like the Captain of salvation "made
Perfect through suffering," he was inly stayed
On God, and felt a sympathy complete
With those whose loved ones, with swift-passing feet,
Were thronging War's red path to death and fame,
Dying to live and wear an honored name.

Days, weeks, and months rolled on 'mid hopes and fears,
Till Freedom's strife at last had numbered years,
Brave men on many a field of blood were slain,
And brave ones filled the broken ranks again.

The race that long in cruel bondage pined
Saw light arising, — light for all mankind, —
The sun of Freedom shone for every man,
The shackles fell, — no more of caste and clan!
The black man treads at last fair Freedom's shore,
And the foul blot is on our page no more.
Who was their saviour? who the honor won
To stand beside our noble Washington?
Who but our Lincoln, leader of the band
Who would see Freedom in their own loved land
Enthroned forever, that the nations see
All o'er the earth the triumph of Liberty!
Long shall his name who signed the edict high, —
The Proclamation which can never die,
Which named the chattel slave forever free, —
Long shall that name be loved where Liberty
Shall arm its lovers and its champions true
Who shared the struggle, or the victory knew!

How throbbed each loyal heart in sympathy,
When on the heights of Gettysburg was he,
With noble words of sweet simplicity,
And holiest hope, and faith the end to see,
Whom, as our Moses, we had followed on
Through crimson floods till that ascent was won !
The soldiers' friend ! — the mourner ever found
A friend in him, who, on that holy ground
Caught such a glimpse of God in Christ the Son
That henceforth faith and works in him were one.
How little thought we, in that solemn hour,
Lincoln and Everett soon would own the power
That summons mightiest kings and meanest clay,
Alike, from earthly scenes and toils away !
But God is wiser than the creature man,
Whose finite vision may not ask to scan
The purpose infinite, but who would fain
Rejoice, O God of love, that Thou dost reign,
And not a sparrow falls unknown to Thee
Who fillest space, and livest eternally !

We may not in these unpretending lines,
Tell all wherein his noble manhood shines ;
But one grand era must we mention here,
One glad event in Lincoln's farewell year.
With grateful hearts his friends could but rejoice
When he was once again the nation's choice,
For he who guided well the ship of state
Through the terrific storm of slavery's hate,
Till the fair harbor seemed to be in view,

Was just the one to guide the channel through,
And then we hoped he would have welcome rest
In the lagoon beyond each foaming crest :
Not so thought He who rules amid the stars,
Yet guides the warriors in all Freedom's wars.
He bade our Moses climb the mountain-side,
And, as from Pisgah, view the landscape wide
Outstretched in all its smiling loveliness,
And bending o'er it sweetest skies of peace ;
He bade him tread Rebellion's war-stained soil,
A conqueror in the city of their spoil,
His foe swift fleeing from before his face,
And the sky brightening with the dawn of peace.
How flocked the freedmen to his presence then,
And hailed him as the noblest among men,
With grateful mention of his blessed deeds,
His deep compassion in their sorest needs !

Back to his home the dear-loved conqueror came,
Crowned in the zenith of his mighty fame ;
The day drew nigh when hard-won Sumter saw
Once more the flag of liberty and law,
Which floated proudly there in palmier days,
Above her battered bastions meet the breeze.
That evening came ; and, weary with his toil,
To seek relief from crushing cares awhile,
Our President essayed the scenes to view
Where man to nature holds the mirror true,
And listened there to mighty " thoughts that breathe
In words that burn," where passions seem to seethe

Till they boil o'er, and show the lava-tide
Which marks sin's path destructive far and wide.
There, with his friends beside him, sat our chief,
When the assassin changed our joy to grief,
And bells that rung o'er Lee's surrender tolled
The deed that made the nation's blood run cold,
And filled the air with solemn funeral tones,
Which only echoed faint a nation's groans
O'er the vile murder of its chosen head, —
The wail of anguish o'er beloved dead.
Swift sped the bullet bidding him depart,
And sadly piercing through each loyal heart.
Strong men grew pale and weak before the blow,
And tears from eyes unwonted 'gan to flow,
While woman's heart was crushed, of hope bereft,
Till Faith, consoling, whispered, "God is left!"
All o'er our land the grief so deep, sincere,
Found utterance in the sigh, the word, the tear,
And called for vengeance on the hand that slew
One dearer to us even than we knew.

The nation in the funeral honors shared,
And bells and guns with solemn tones declared
How dear to every loyal heart was he,
The latest martyr for dear Liberty!
Along our streets the mourning emblems spake
Our love for him whose sleep we cannot wake,
And e'en our churches draped in mourning tell
How loyal Christians loved the martyr well;
The pulpit spoke of his unspotted life,

And noble bearing in each moral strife,
The platform echoed what each hearthstone heard,
The voice of mourning and the loving word,
And soft-toned dirges told of heavy grief,
To which e'en flowing tears scarce brought relief.
And ever stood one horror at our side,
Quick'ning the memory of how Lincoln died.
O nameless act of a misguided man,
Too horrible for tearful eyes to scan,
Atrocity cold-blooded, unprovoked,
Yet such as Tyranny has oft evoked,
Fit offspring of a vile Rebellion based
On human slavery, and sin-encased !

Full many hearts in all our land had bled
Since this Rebellion reared its hydra-head,
Yet if one circle had been haply spared,
That fireside now bemoans a friend endeared,
For he whose martyrdom all true hearts mourn
Seems as if one from each home-circle torn.
With loftiest honors and with hearts that ache
Our nation now has bade the green earth take
Back to her bosom one whose soul has soared,
With angel hosts to bow before his Lord.
And every patriot heart leaps toward the time,
When, on the everlasting heights sublime,
Our eyes shall see him whom our souls have loved
And whose immortal deeds our hearts approved.
With choicest treasures long shall memory hoard
The thought of him now on the radiant shore,

While the red wine of patriotism, poured
In War's vast goblet, shall be quaffed no more.

Meanwhile, and evermore, the praise be given,
Next to the Power that ruleth earth and heaven,
For action in the hour of Freedom's chime, —
The rounded fulness of God's own good time ! —
Till Liberty reigns o'er this land so dear
And Peace is gained for many a rolling year, —
Aye, thanks and praise, with tears of sorrow blent,
To one true man — Our Martyred President !

A PRAYER FOR THE UNION.*

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." — DAN-
IEL WEBSTER.

IN this dark hour of national dismay,
O God of Liberty, Thy power display !
Thine hand in safety led Thine ancient band
Through paths of danger to their Promised Land ;
Thine arm defended those who bravely bore
The rights of freemen to this western shore,
Who dared the whelming wave and tempest's shock,
To plant a freeman's foot on Plymouth Rock ;
And, when oppression from Old England came
And brightly blazed anew the holy flame

* Published in *The Boston Journal*, in 1861.

Of Liberty, each noble heart the shrine,
Thou led'st them on to victory, Power Divine !
God guided pens that wrote the nation's will ;
God led the hosts who fought on Bunker's Hill ;
So, Lord, now treason in our land is rife,
Appear for our deliverance, end the strife,
And let the "ides of March" in sixty-one,
See Lincoln prove a second Washington,
Through Thee our nation saving from a fall,
The wild waves quelling ere they overwhelm us all,
Till over our broad land, from shore to shore,
Blend Liberty and Union evermore !

A PRAYER FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

GOD of our fathers ! Thou whose hand
Thine ancient people led,
Look down on our beloved land,
And bless our nation's head.
O give him wisdom, Lord, to guide
The hosts of freedom now,
To meet the ills which may betide
With calm, unruffled brow.

We pray that he in peace may rule
O'er this broad, favored land,
No craven heart ! no party's tool !
But with a righteous hand ;

* Published in *The Boston Journal*, early in 1861.

And o'er our land from East to West,
From North to South proclaim,
Obeying Duty's high behest,
The Union's honored name.

Sustain him by thy might, O God !
In every trying scene,
In judgment-hall, on fields of blood,
Or in his home serene.
O nerve his arm to strike each blow
At treason and at wrong,
And bid him triumph o'er each foe,
And sing the victor's song.

God of our fathers ! bless this man,
The people's only choice,
And guide him with Thine own right hand,
And by Thy spirit's voice.
And when on History's page his name,
In future years, is seen,
May unborn millions guard his fame,
And bless Thee for his reign.

Hear Thou our prayer, and in Thy way,
And in Thine own best time,
Deliver us from slavery's sway,
And ring out Freedom's chime.
Bless him now at our nation's helm,
O Lord ! we pray again,
And let no waves his bark o'erwhelm ;
For Jesus' sake. Amen.

“WAITING FOR THE HOUR.”*

[Suggested by W. T. CARLETON's picture, entitled “Waiting for the Hour,” and representing slaves waiting for the moment to arrive when President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation should be in force. This beautiful painting was presented to President Lincoln.]

THEY wait ! Long, weary years have passed,
And Liberty seemed far ;
Lo ! bright upon their future path
Now beams the Polar Star.
God from on high His ear hath bowed,
His the Redeemer's power ;
With reverent joy and holy hope
They 're “waiting for the hour.”

That hour ! the bell of Liberty
May ring it out with joy,
When midnight stars shall sound it forth
In th' belfries of the sky.†
The hour of Freedom ! well may he
Who holds Time's measure there,
Intently on the hour-hand gaze,
Still “watching unto prayer.”

Long had his voice proclaimed the hope,
The symbol-anchor tells, ‡
And yet he listens, half afraid
To hear the chiming bells

* Published in *The Antislavery Standard*, in 1864.

† Everett's Oration on *The Uses of Astronomy*.

‡ The watch-key was in the form of an anchor.

Which tell that Freedom's hour hath dawned,
The long, sad night is o'er,
The chains and scourges, woe and sin,
Of slavery are no more.

Shout, friends of Liberty, aloud !
Shout with a mighty tone !
Sing, angels in the upper world,
A song of Freedom's own !
Now stripes and bondage are exchanged
For peace and quiet homes,
Where no slave-driver's voice is heard,
And never blood-hound comes.

O artist ! on whose canvas glows
This picture grand and high,
Hast thou not won by work like this
The " Well done " of the sky ?
And yet no pen can write the hopes,
No pencil paint the joy,
In all its fulness, which they knew
To whom this hour was nigh.

They wait ! yet, while we look, the hour
Comes with its blissful freight ;
Fling out the Stars and Stripes, a sign
They may no longer wait !
Shout Lincoln's name, with blissful tears,
Pray for him day by day,
And through all coming time look back
With joy to sixty-three.

“SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS.”

[The above words were quoted by the infamous assassin after he had shot President Lincoln.]

“Thus always to tyrants,” — but *he* was the friend,
The father, the saviour, to souls without end,
And good men must bless him who read on the page
Of our volume historic the tale of this age ;
Then, if for the tyrant death be the award,
Our Lincoln might surely to us have been spared.

“Thus always to tyrants,” — but noble was he,
The man of the people, the pride of the free ;
He hath gone in the zenith of unstained renown,
Henceforth on his brow rests the martyr’s bright crown,
And infamy falls on the wretch who hath slain
The Lord’s own anointed o’er freemen to reign.

“Thus always to tyrants,” — and thus to the man,
The people, the system, the Confederate clan,
Who would take from humanity Freedom’s glad light,
And leave it cursed, groping in slavery’s night ;
But oh ! not on *him* should the vengeance-bolt fall,
And shroud a vast nation in one mighty pall.

“Thus always to tyrants,” — but Lincoln was free
From the foul taint of tyranny, and, ever, he
Shall enthroned in the hearts of the people remain,
Like him the first o’er this free nation to reign ;
And Lincoln and Washington be, the world o’er,
The emblems of Freedom and Right evermore !

FUNERAL HYMN.*

Air — "MOUNT VERNON."

HUSHED to-day are sounds of gladness,
From the mountains to the sea,
While the plaintive voice of sadness
Rises, mighty God ! to Thee.

Freedom claimed another martyr ;
Heaven received another saint ;
Who are we Thy will to question ?
Lord, we weep without complaint.

May we, to Thy wisdom bowing,
Own Thy love in this dark spell,
While, with tears, a mighty nation
Buries one it loved so well.

And, O Thou ! who took our Leader,
With the Promised Land in view,
While on Pisgah's height we leave him,
Lead us, Lord, the Jordan through !

* Sung in the Old South (Cong.) Church in Reading, Mass., by members of the Congregationalist, Universalist, and Baptist choirs, on the occasion of public funeral services in honor of President Lincoln, April 19, 1865.



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